

CROSS LANES

Everything is looking lovely after the fine rain which fell Thursday.

Mrs. Sallie Moore is spending a few days with her son J. S. Moore and family.

H. D. Daniels has gone to Missouri to visit his brother Frank. J. S. Moore made a flying trip to Marion Tuesday.

Several from here attended missionary day at Baker Sunday. Ruby Moore who has been sick for several days is some better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cook are the proud parents of another fine girl which arrived at their home last week.

Say, what's the matter with Glenn Dale and Crittenden Springs that they have not been writing, come again and tell us all the news we like to hear from you both.

While hunting for hens nests, Norval Nunn found one nest which had 8 doz. eggs in it not counting those that were broken can any one beat it?

Automobiles are getting to be quite a common thing, but sometime it takes three to see them.

Mrs. Minnie Carick called on Mrs. Lucy Moore Wednesday afternoon.

What's the matter with Mt Zion Sunday School why don't you all come out, it is plenty close enough to have a good S. S. if you would all take part and only try to help each other along.

ALL MY PIMPLES GONE

Girl Tells How a Blotchy Skin Was Cleansed By a Simple Wash.

"I was ashamed of my face," writes Miss Minnie Pickard of Altamahaw, N. C. "It was all full of pimples and scars, but after using D. D. D. Prescription I can say that now there is no sign of that Eczema, and that was three years ago."

D. D. D. has become so famous as a cure and instant relief in Eczema and all other serious skin diseases, that its value is sometimes overlooked in clearing up rash, pimples, blackheads, and all other minor forms of skin impurities.

The fact is, that while D. D. D. is so penetrating that it strikes to the very root of Eczema or any other serious trouble, the soothing Oil of Wintergreen, Thymol and other ingredients are so carefully compounded there is no wash for the skin made that can compare with this great household remedy for every kind of skin trouble. D. D. D. is pleasant to use, perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin, and absolutely reliable. A 25-cent bottle will give you positive proof of the wonderful effectiveness of this great remedy.

J. H. Orme, Marion, Ky.

RODNEY.

Most all of the tobacco is set in this neighborhood.

Some corn laid by as the rain did most of it.

Wheat all harvested in this section.

Everybody and his brother attended Missionary day at Baker the third Sunday.

Thomas McKinley and Mr. Buchanan, of Sullivan attended church at Baker Sunday.

Jet Nunn was in Blackford Saturday.

Mrs. Roe Sullivan has returned from an extended trip to Missouri and other parts in the west. She reports a nice time.

Allen Foster, of the Repton vicinity, visited his sister, Edna Truitt, Sunday and also spent the afternoon at the home of E. L. Nunn. What is the attraction Allen?

R. L. Phillips and Dan McKinley, of Gladstone, passed through here this week.

P. H. O'Neal spent Monday with his old friend and school mate D. H. King.

Butler Crisp passed through this section Wednesday.

Mrs. Addie Lamb and daughter, of Marion, spent the last two weeks with her father, E. L. Nunn, and his daughters.

Dock Newcom was through here Friday.

Mrs. Mattie Newcom and Levi Steele are on the sick list.

John Walker was in Sullivan Sunday.

Ezra Long was in Marion

G. H. Foster C. Foster

Foster & Son

Belleville St.

Bric Stable

Good Rigs for Traveling Men

Fine Carriage for Wedding or Funeral Occasions

Promptness and Courtesy Our Motto

Rates Reasonable Phone 18

Foster & Son

Marion, - Kentucky

Friday and Saturday. Claude Lamb, of Marion, at tended church at Baker Sunday. H. L. Sullivan was in Sturgis last week.

Frank Robinson, Lin Phillips and son, Herbert, were in Blackford Saturday.

Mrs. Claude Nesbitt, of Evansville, Ind., has returned home after spending several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Truitt.

Mrs. Lottie Collins is spending this week with her sister, Annie Phillips.

Elmer Waid was in Weston last week.

Thomas McKinley passed here last week with a nice bunch of hogs.

Oscar Thurman was in Weston last week looking after the interest of his grocery business.

Herman McKinley has purchased a new buggy. Lookout Mabel.

All Skin Diseases

Yield readily to treatment with Dr. Bell's Antiseptic Salve. We guarantee it. 25 cents a box. Sold everywhere.

A Thirty Days' Fast—Then He Felt Better.

The Glasgow Times says:

Mr. Jim Wilson, the well-known saddler here, concluded a thirty-days' fast yesterday at 12 o'clock, under the supervision of his physician, Dr. C. T. Grinstead. It will be remembered that Mr. Wilson was badly paralyzed between two and three years ago, and has since been bedfast, unable to move or help himself, and growing fatter all the time. As an anti-fat remedy, as well as for the general betterment of his health, a thirty-days' rigorous fast was prescribed, with gratifying results. For the entire thirty days not a morsel of food has passed the faster's lips, an occasional glass of water being the sole nourishment allowed him. Yesterday the scales showed that Mr. Wilson had lost twenty pounds, and his condition was greatly improved. He can now walk a step or two with assistance, turn over in bed, cross and recross his legs and use his arms—a very material advancement from complete helplessness. Mr. Wilson says that after the first two or three days he was not hungry in the least. At the breaking of his fast he was allowed two tablespoonfuls of orange juice, and will be gradually put on a more satisfactory diet.

Chronic sore Eyes

Are easily cured with Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve. It is painless and harmless and guaranteed. 25 cents a box. Sold everywhere.

The "boys" with their new automobiles are having their own troubles. Last night Dr. W. B. Moore's fine machine got out of fix, and he had to send to Louisville for an expert who arrived here on 103 and who was met by Dr. J. T. Moore, of Fredonia, in his car, which on the return trip got the thingamajigger mixed up with the thingumbob, and kept them tinkering around until 6:30 this morning.—Princeton Leader.

Aviator Flies Over Niagara Falls

And Down Narrow Whirl.

Pool Gorge

Niagara Falls, June 31.—In the presence of 150,000 persons Lincoln Beachy, the California aviator, today after circuiting above the falls, swooping beneath the arches of the upper steel bridge and down the gorge almost to the whirlpool.

Rising again beneath the sides of the lower river, Beachy soared to the Canadian side, where he made a successful landing.

The space through which he flew was 168 feet in height, and barely 100 from side to side.

Beachy will repeat the flight tomorrow.

Our friend, Lacey C. Nunn, the banker, who lives at Olla, La., sends in the following interesting items from his section:

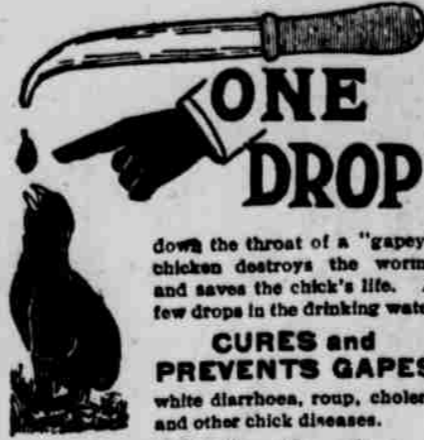
LASALLE COUNTY, LOUISIANA, ITEMS.

Fine Potatoes.

Judge W. G. Reed, who mixes some farming with his many other callings in life, visited the Ledger office Tuesday and exhibited two Irish potatoes grown on his place which weighed three pounds. The potatoes exhibited were of the Triumph variety and are indeed fine specimen of what LaSalle soil will produce.

Watermelons in Jena.

On last Monday, June 12, Mr. J. A. Walker, a prosperous farmer of Nebo vicinity, brought to Jena a load of fine watermelons.



ONE DROP

down the throat of a "gapey" chicken destroys the worms and saves the chick's life. A few drops in the drinking water CURES and PREVENTS GAGES white diarrhoea, roup, cholera and other chick diseases.

One 50c Bottle of Bourbon Poultry Cure Makes 12 Gallons of Medicine.

Every poultry raiser should keep a bottle of this medicine on hand. Write for free sample and booklet on "Diseases of Poultry." Address BOURBON REMEDY COMPANY, Lexington, Ky.

Sold By Hayne & Taylor

This is about the earliest date that watermelons have been offered on the market here and in fact about as early as can be produced in any section of the country. Mr. Walker's success shows more evidence that this is a fine country for raising produce and will some day be shipping car loads to the northern markets.

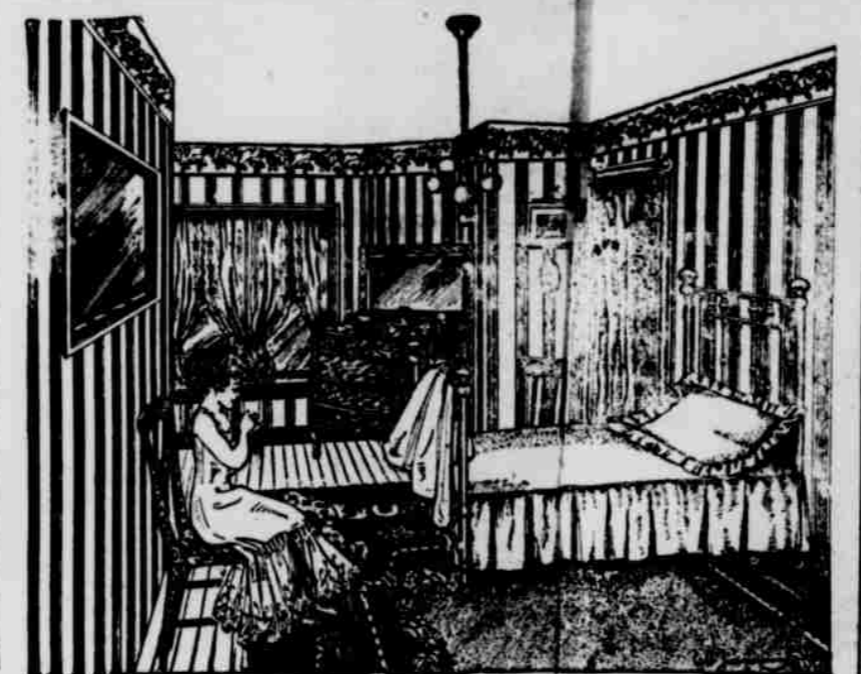
Just think, ripe watermelons on June 12! Who can beat it?

Notice

To Contractors and Builders.

I have two New School Houses to build in the County this year. See me for plans and specifications.

E. Jeffy Travis, Supt.



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Bedroom Furnishings

EVERY one knows we spend nearly half our lives in bed and considerable time in dressing. Besides the pleasure you derive from good bedroom furniture, you can't expect to accomplish much in life unless you rest well. There are no furnishings in any part of the house from which you can get so much comfort, for so little money; and our bedroom furniture comes in so many beautiful styles, and we have such a lovely assortment of it, that if you come in and go over our stock, you will not be satisfied unless some of it belongs to you.

Remember we give gold camps. Phone 53. W. O. Tucker, Fur. and Undertaking Co.

T. H. Cochran & Co.
Hardware, Saddlery
Buggies, wagons.
Marion, Kentucky



The Old Time Salute

By Wilbur D. Nesbit

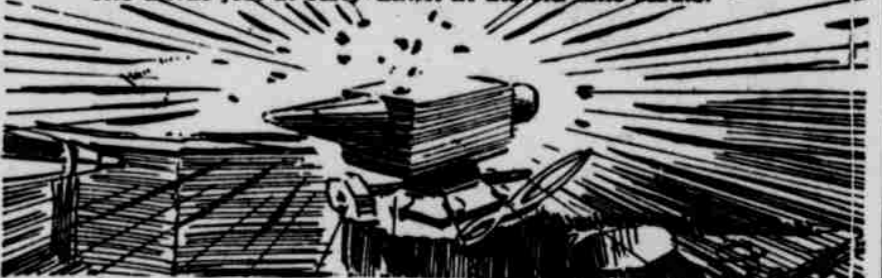
"Most ever" place has got a gun o' some kind nowadays. The guv'nment is givin' cannon ever' whichaway. An' when th' Fourth is welcomed in they load th' gun an' shoot. But, say, it ain't nothin' to th' good old time salute.

Remember how we use to do? We didn't need no gun. We'd get a pair o' anvils an' we'd wait the rain 'n' sun. A shiverin' little bit when th' cold wind 'ud come. But when we shot th' anvils off—well, that 'uz somethin' else!

We'd set th' biggest on th' ground an' hearily we'd drop some blazin' powder in th' hole that's sunk into th' top. An' then we'd make a primin' fuse an' put th' little one on top th' other—There you've got the finest kind o' gun!

We'd have some turn rods red hot an' still a heatin' too. An' when th' sun's first ray 'ud come th' gray clouds streakin' through. We'd tech th' turn to th' fuse—an' all of us 'ud scoot to safety when we shook th' ground like that old time salute.

Th' cannons ain't as good no, sir! When me an' you was boys I leave it to you now—them anvils made th' biggest noise! I wonder if there is a place where still they like to shoot. The anvils just at early dawn in the old time salute.



CANNON CRACKERS

By W. D. NESSBIT.

Happily, the fifth of July, like the day after Christmas, comes but once a year.

The outlawed toy pistol will claim as many victims as the prohibited whiskey of Kansas.

Some men have a genius for making explanation, but lack the cleverness to make them fit.

Usually when opportunity knocks at a man's door he utters a few remarks on knockers in general.

"I'm full of American spirit!" "You are?" asked his wife, with a shrew. "You're full, for a fact, but I fear it is spirit that comes from a jug."

It is unnecessary to tell a man not to hold a dynamite cracker in his hand after it is lighted. He can't hold it—long.

No doubt the man who first agitated the proposition to have a noiseless Fourth is the same who invented painless dentistry.

We are as patriotic as the next man, and we love our country dearly, but we are not so constituted that we can sit up in bed and sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" when the boy across the street cuts loose with his fireworks at 3:30 a. m. July 4th.



A Fourth of July luncheon is all the more enjoyable if the guests join in blowing up some mutual friend who is not present.

We are just beginning to realize what potent factors Memorial day and the Fourth of July have been in the development of baseball.

The Chinese invented the firecracker five thousand years ago. These ingenious people doubtless sought some way to drown the voice of the professional orator.

Quite often the boy who celebrates the Fourth by tying a bunch of firecrackers to a dog's tail grows into the man who delivers the spread-eagle oration on the same day.

And the man who argues to you that the streets should be covered

with felt is the same who keeps all the neighbors awake by exploding cannon crackers in his back yard until midnight.

If a man could only get half as much pleasure out of shooting off ten or fifteen dollars' worth of rockets and other things as he got out of a five-cent bunch of firecrackers fifteen years ago, he would be happy.

JULY 4TH, 1776.



"Fare thee well," sighed the colonial lover. "I go to defend my country. Who knows what the future may have in store for us?"

"Adieu," whispered the colonial damsel. "My earnest hope is that when we both figure in the historical novels the authors will neither misspell your name nor fail to properly describe my appearance."

Fourth of July Lullaby. Put little baby up in the tree top When the commotion tells you that you need a

Few feet between her and all of the sparks Flung from the pin wheel, bomb and torpedo.

Fasten her cradle upon the strong bough. Put her milk bottle in her tiny pocket—Then leave the cradle until you come home, For if she's sleepy she'll have the sky rocket.

Revised Proverb. "If wishes were horses," began the man who intended to show his friend the futility of idle hopes. But the friend interrupted:

"If wishes were automobiles," he said, "they couldn't land us up against it any oftener than they do."

JOHNNIE'S ADVISERS.



"My pa showed me how to set off my firecrackers this morning."

"Whaffor ma do?" "She showed me how to tie up pa's fingers."

Also So. Some people listen to our jokes As if they had the blues; They're like the bogus fireworks which To do their part refuse—The pessimistic cracker, with The optimistic fuse.